

To Miss Sizzie Rusha.

Sheathe the Sword,

AMERICA.

PATRIOTIC SONG,

BY

A. CARDONA,

Words by Mrs. C. Edmonstone.

NEW ORLEANS.

SHEATHE THE SWORD AMERICA

WORDS BY M^{RS} C. EDMONSTONE.

MUSIC BY A. CARDONA.

PIANO.

Espress

Declamato.

1. Sons of A - me - ri - ca !

Why wield ye the

2. Sons of A - me - ri - ca !

Why wield ye the

sword
sword

See ye not
The war worn

that ruin's at hand
crave rest and peace

Hear ye
Naught but

not the taunt of the stran-ger When the theme is our once happy
death but ruin still lin-gers Then let war and its dread horrors

ritenuto.

land Ah! Are ye deaf to the wail of the dy-ing Are your
cease Ah! Let the cry of the heart stricken mo-ther Bid ye

rall. cantabile espress.

hearts in your breasts turned to stone Hear ye not the sad au-tumn winds
pause though for ever she may mourn Still the knell that war's toe-sin is

sigh-ing Their re-qui-em o'er the horts that are gone.
sound-ing Let's the land of its glory be shorn.

rall.

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Sons of A - me - ri - ca mark the cold still forms Where they

CHORUS.

Pause still the strife Sheathe ye the sword

Pause still the strife Sheathe ye the sword

PIANO.

rest With sto - ny eye Turned to Heaven Our unshrouded

Not death but life Be your reward Pause still the strife

Not death but life Be your reward Pause still the strife



